

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE.

VOL. I. NO. 4.

ARLINGTON, MASS., OCTOBER 22, 1898.

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A WEEK A WHEEL.
OR THREE "ICE CARTS" THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.
* (Continued from last week.)

It should be said right here that the second day was the worst, as far as bad roads are concerned, which we encountered in the whole week. Darkness overtook us before we were half way to Moultonboro, and the rear-guard, the Writer and his machine began to straggle woefully, being sometimes a half-mile behind the advance, which rode steadily through and over everything. At last the lights of a little village could be dimly seen at the bottom of a long hill, and after over an hour's hard riding we reached our goal. No time was lost in hunting up a lodging for the night, and after supper all were ready for an early bed. We had figured on reaching North Conway that night, but owing to our numerous accidents were almost thirty miles behind our schedule.

When we awoke in the morning it was raining quite hard and fears were entertained that we might lose a day here. But it soon cleared away and after cleaning our wheels from the worst of the mud picked up the night before, we set out. It was a lovely day with a clear, and cloudless sky, and yet breezy enough to keep one cool. A little way from the village, from the top of a hill, we caught our first glimpse of the mountains, now rising clear and distinct, about forty miles away. The sight encouraged us and we pushed on hopping to get into them before night. But we were not to be free from accidents even for one day. The valve stem which the Writer had had set in his tire the morning before, worked loose and the tire began to leak slowly. I am afraid that the beauties of the morning and the scene were forgotten, for who can properly appreciate beauty when a leaky tire needs to be pumped up every quarter mile. The Farmer, the Student, and the Writer took turns developing their biceps with a small hand pump which leaked as much air as it put into the tire. At South Tazeworth we found a blacksmith's shop, where a little bicycle repairing was done, and spent two hours here vainly trying to repair damages. Finally, thinking that the tire was porous, five or six balls of tape were carefully wound around it and a final attempt made to reach the town a wheel.

But it was no use, in a little while the rim was cheerfully bumping about on the stones, and it was apparent that the services of a first-class repair man were absolutely necessary. Thus it came about that the expedition was divided. Only two miles from the last pumping place lay the little town of West

and it was decided that the Writer should go there and take the train up to North Conway while the others kept on the road to the same point. Taking the only serviceable pump we had with him, he started off and succeeded in reaching his destination without further incident.

But the Farmer and the Student were not so fortunate. They managed to lose their way most thoroughly and spent the next three or four hours in climbing hills, and wading through sand, while the writer was patiently waiting for them at North Conway, while his bicycle was being repaired.

When they at last arrived, they were pretty tired and willing enough to rest awhile before starting on to Bartlett the next town of any size. At North Conway we found ourselves almost a whole day behind time, but felt encouraged when a local rider told us that we could easily ride through both Notches and into North Woodstock in one day, though we had planned to give two give two days to that part of the trip.

The Writer's wheel now being in as good condition as could reasonably be expected we started along, after laying in a good supply of tape and cement. It was here that the Farmer was persuaded to invest in a can of some preparation called "Peyer Leak," which the dealer guaranteed to stop all small punctures, and also to add greatly to the holding power of a plug. We felt that with this wonderful elixir we were safe even if we should have an epidemic of punctures.

Leaving North Conway about the middle of the afternoon, we started on a fine road to Lower Bartlett, which we had scarcely reached when a thunder storm broke and we were obliged to take refuge in a barn by the wayside where we found a number of the neighboring farmers who had just got their last load of hay in safely. They were much interested in our trip and asked many questions, so that we passed a pleasant hour talking with them until the rain held up and we started. But the storm was not over and by the time we reached Glen Station, a small village about five miles from Upper Bartlett, we were glad to stop under a covered bridge over the Ellis river, and wait for the end of the

shower. In about half an hour the sun came out and we were able to continue our journey to an end. Bartlett proved to be one of the prettiest little villages which we found among the mountains, and we enjoyed the evening which we spent there very much. From a hill a little way distant of the village, we caught our first glimpse of the famous Crawford Notch, through which we were to ride the next day. It seemed beautiful then viewed under the rays of the setting sun, a gap or notch, the word just describes it, cut in the wall of high forest covered mountains which rose against the sky line with a narrow road barely visible to the naked eye, disappearing into it. It was to appear more beautiful still on the morrow, and would repay us for all the difficulties and accidents with which we had met.

The next morning we were up and had an early breakfast so as to get away as soon as possible on the most important part of our ride. The day promised to be pleasant, there was not a cloud in the sky, and there was a delightful breeze. One mile down the road and we were outside of civilization, only the road beneath our wheels and the railroad, which it crossed again and again, showed the handiwork of man. Our path led through a wood so thick that the sunshine was all but shut out, except here and there where the growth was thinner, it fell across our way in splashes and bands of light. Steadily rising toward the mountains, the road curved and turned over many little wooden bridges spanning streams which were quiet, indeed now, but which if the huge, rounded boulders in their beds told a true story, could be wild enough when swelled by the melting snows from the mountain side. Now we left woods and rode in the open beside the railroad tracks, and then, again, we would be plunged into a forest where the quiet could be almost felt.

The only person whom we met in all the ten miles lying between Bartlett and the Willey house was a lone fisherman going to try his luck in one of the numerous brooks. The Writer slipped off his wheel and walked along with him a half mile or so. He, himself, was on a riding trip through the region, having come by way of the Franconia Notch, and had much valuable information which he was willing to impart for our benefit. A promising stream crossing the road he took his departure leaving the Writer to ride on to the Willey house where the Student and his companion were waiting for him. The Willey house stands at the entrance proper of Crawford's Notch in a little clearing with the mountains rising abruptly on each side. Beside the modern hotel which now bears this name stands the original Willey house, which was a famous tavern in the days before the railroad invaded the mountains. A long, low building with its weather-beaten clapboards, upon which are carved the names of many visitors, it is an interesting reminder of the olden time.

The Farmer had brought a small, pocket camera along in the hopes of getting a good collection of mountain scenery, and he now had a good opportunity to use it. But the film refused to roll up properly, and when the Writer came in sight of his companions, the Farmer was working over his camera with jack knife and bicycle wrench, while the Student was sitting on a pile of lumber mourning over a broken rim. Things surely looked bad, but the camera was finally fixed and after winding some tape around the rim, which had not broken quite away, we started on a three-mile tramp to the Crawford House. For almost all the way the road was ascending and it was only possible to ride in one or two places, but the scenery could be seen to better advantage when walking.

We were now in the heart of the notch with the mountains rising high upon either hand, while upon the left lay a deep and narrow gorge at the bottom of which ran a trickling stream. A little further along and a turn of the road brought us in face of the famous Silver Cascade. High up the side of the mountain gleamed a narrow silvery ribbon of sparkling water flowing gently downward, then leaping from a height of thirty feet or more into a basin from which it flowed under the road into the ravine on the other side. The ceaseless fall, the dashing spray, and the contrasting color of the water and the verdure with which the mountain side was covered, made a most beautiful picture. A little beyond and the Plumb Cascade, an almost exact duplicate of the first, claimed our attention.

Emerging from the other end of the Notch we found ourselves fronting the famous Crawford House, well known to all acquainted with the history of the White Mountains. From here a fine bicycle path led down to the Mount Pleasant House and Fabyans. The last

Concluded next week.

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2ND. MOST CONVENIENT IN TOWN.
3RD. PERFECT STOCK IN EVERY PARTICULAR.
4TH. A LADY OR CHILD IS SURE OF GETTING COURTEOUS TREATMENT EVERY TIME. AND LAST, BUT NOT LEAST, NONE BUT REGISTERED DRUGGISTS EMPLOYED, MAKING IT SURE OF YOUR PRESCRIPTION BEING COMPOUNDED ACCURATELY.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

J. HOWELL CROSBY NOMINATED FOR REPRESENTATIVE BY ACCLAMATION.

Last Saturday evening was the time appointed for the convening in Town Hall of the Republican Representative convention, and at a little after eight o'clock the delegates from Lexington and Arlington met in the Engineer's room. After the usual preliminary business of the two delegations in conferring separately and filling vacancies, all again assembled and the convention then was opened for the business of the evening. On motion of Mr. Jacob Bitzer Mr. John F. Hutchinson was made temporary chairman and Mr. Arthur J. Wellington temporary secretary. Both named gentlemen on motion of Mr. W. W. Rawson were then made permanent officers of the meeting. Mr. Hutchinson accepted the honor thus conferred in a few very pleasant and well-worded remarks.

A motion was made by Mr. Rawson that a committee be appointed by the chair to act as a committee on credentials and collect and count ballots. The chair then appointed these gentlemen, Mr. W. W. Rawson, Mr. George W. W. Sears and Mr. W. W. Rowse being chosen. This committee reported seven delegates present from Lexington and ten from Arlington, Mr. Rawson and Mr. Sears acting for Mr. James A. Bailey, Jr., who was hunting in the woods of Maine, and Mr. Blake who was attending the peace convention at Chicago.

The delegates were as follows: Lexington—Messrs. Harry D. Davis, Herbert V. Smith, George L. Goulding, Edward P. Merriam, Walter W. Rowse, Walter R. Champney, John F. Hutchinson, Charles W. Swan, Alonzo E. Locke.

Arlington—Messrs. James A. Bailey, Jr., Edward S. Fessenden, E. Nelson Blake, Warren A. Peirce, Alfred H. Knowles, Joseph C. Holmes, Charles W. Allen, Winfield S. Durgin, Arthur J. Wellington, Jacob Bitzer.

It was then voted to make the organization permanent.

The chairman then moved that nominations were in order. Mr. Peirce arose and in a few very able remarks, touching on the character and good qualities and his own personal acquaintance of the candidate, nominated Mr. J. Howell Crosby amidst great applause. Mr. Fessenden moved the nomination be made by acclamation, and it was so voted. A motion was then made by Mr. Rawson that a committee of two retire and escort the nominee to the convention, the chair appointing Mr. Rawson and Mr. Merriam to do the honor.

In a short time Mr. Crosby entered and in a few remarks was presented to the convention, and the cordial, enthusiastic way in which he was received must have been decidedly pleasing to him. His remarks in accepting the nomination were given in scholarly well-chosen words. We give it in full as follows:

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the convention:

You inform me that I have received the Republican nomination for Representative from this district. This is a high honor to come to any man, young or old, and I trust I may be able to convince you in accepting this nomination that my gratitude and appreciation are not perfunctory but heartfelt. I have not sought this office from the low standard of the self-seeker or the professional politician. I believe it to be worthy the high aspiration of every true citizen whose supreme duty must ever consist in service rendered to town, city, state, or nation.

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen: You sit here in this convention as delegates elected by the people of a district which, in its historical aspect, stands unique among the districts of this Commonwealth. Within the confines of Lexington and Menotomy our forefathers brought forth events which have changed the complexion of government throughout the world, and I, for one, amid the pursuit of material interests, wish never to forget the significance of these events. But, gentlemen, the modern aspect of this district is as satisfactory as the historical.

The people of Arlington and Lexington bear well the inheritance which is theirs. The man who sits in the Legislature of this Commonwealth, the representative of this district, is there, not as a successful result of unscrupulous and conscienceless manipulation but because of the consent and support of a majority of the people. Therefore, gentlemen, I am unable to come here tonight and in cold and half-hearted phrases tender you my thanks for the honor conferred upon me.

It would seem fitting at this time that I should outline to you the policy which I should guide me in case of election. Them

great national questions pressing the Republican party for solution are beyond the scope of these remarks. When our greatest and best men are at variance concerning them, men of humbler capabilities may well suspend judgment. It seems to me there is but one policy for a representative in the General Court to pursue. On all matters concerning the towns of this district I shall vote and work, to the best of my ability, as the towns shall desire. On questions of morals or ethics I must vote and work according to the dictates of my own conscience.

And Mr. Chairman and gentlemen in tendering you my formal acceptance and thanks, I wish to pledge to the people of this district, if elected, absolute and unswerving honesty of motive and action. I pledge them a deep and abiding sense of appreciation of and responsibility for this office which belongs to them and which they may delegate to me, and I pledge them faithful attendance upon the duties of that office. Should the people at the polls approve your choice tonight, I cannot forget that I shall remain the sole representative of all the people of this district in the lower house, the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, the learned and the unlearned.

Actuated by these motives I trust I may prove a creditable representative in the General Court, to the great State whose heritage we share, to the people of this district, to you who have so unanimously supported me and to myself.

It was moved by Mr. Sears that should a vacancy occur in the candidacy that the two town committees be empowered to fill such vacancy. It was then voted that Mr. Sherman and Mr. Sears, chairmen of the two town committees, be elected as the Representative Dist. committee. It was then voted to adjourn. Before retiring from the hall Mr. Sears, on behalf of Mr. Crosby, invited the delegates and members of the press to accompany him to Mr. Hardy's and partake of a supper.

Mr. Hardy had provided a bountiful spread and the guests did ample justice to the good things set before them.

After the inner man had been satisfied Mr. Peirce, acting as toast master, made a very interesting and timely speech. Short speeches were also made by Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Parker, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Knowles, Mr. Rowse, Mr. Rawson, Mr. Merriam, Mr. Earle.

Mr. Crosby thanked the delegates for their hearty support, promising to fill the position conferred on him to the best of his ability. A vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Crosby for his generous hospitality. It was very gratifying to see the enthusiasm manifested by those present, especially so, as the speeches, highly complimentary to Mr. Crosby, were made by delegates, none of whom were members of the Arlington town committee.

SUCCESSFUL SALE.

A most successful sale and entertainment was held in Pleasant Hall last Wednesday afternoon and evening under the auspices of the "Beacon Lights," a missionary society of girls connected with the Sunday school of the Baptist church, assisted by the young ladies of "The Young Ladies Mission Band" connected with the same church, the whole affair being under the direction of Mrs. A. E. Watkins, superintendent of the Beacon Lights, and was a credit to her. The hall was prettily decorated and the tables were in charge of young ladies dressed in the costumes of different nations. In spite of the severe storm there was a large attendance and the sale was a financial success the children clearing between forty and fifty dollars.

During the evening a very pleasing entertainment was given consisting of a piano solo by Miss Sophia Freeman, an address of welcome by Miss Grace McLeon, secretary of the Beacon Lights a violin solo by Mr. George H. Richardson, accompanied by his sister Miss Ruth, and a banjo solo by Mr. E. G. Stacpole. Mr. Stacpole was accompanied by Miss Ida G. Law, and they furnished a most enjoyable part of the program. The children of the society furnished two dialogues, "A Talk with a Missionary's Daughter," in which Miss Gretchen Wyman, Miss Lillie Chick, and Miss Milard Gutherson of Winchester took part, and a scene from "Little Women," Misses Pearl Wilkins, Lillian Wilkins, Helen Hunter, Lottie Tufts, and Master Theodore Horn, representing characters in that famous book.

The tables with those in charge were as follows:

Vegetable table, Miss Rose Clough. Flower table, Miss Blanche Sawyer, Miss Addie Filibrown.

Candy table, Miss Edith Rice. Freedman's table, where fancy articles were sold, Miss Rouillard, Miss Madeline Ramsford.

Continued on page 3.

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Saturday, October 22, 1898.

THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

As for man, his days are as grass.
Psalms, CIII., 15.

When you consider the matter seriously, you are startled at the brevity of our human life. Subtract the years that are spent in childhood and early youth before either the physical or mental system is equipped for its struggle, and subtract still further that mysterious third of our term which is spent in sweet sleep and pleasant dreams, and there are but a couple of score of summers and winters between the cradle and the tomb.

One listens to the chimes that beckon to the ideal, and while listening they become a mere echo which loses itself in eternity. God has set us the task of writing a symphony, but there is only time to write the motif and possibly to hum a few airs when the eyes grow dull and we fall asleep, leaving our glad task unfinished. As Solomon said, "The same thing happened to us all."

What is the thing that happens to us all? On the answer to this question depends our outlook. If the decision of heart and mind is favorable, it is like putting the watch spring into the watch and winding it up. It is like telling the traveller to enjoy the scenery as best he can, but assuring him that there are far higher mountains and wider landscapes beyond. It is like telling the musician to hearken to the organ peal in the cathedral, but assuring him that when he hears the angel chorus sing and kneels in the larger temple he will be filled with emotions which in comparison with these are but the throbs of a longing and unsatisfied heart. On the contrary, if the decision is unfavorable, our human life is a useless and a needless struggle with adversity. We are the slaves of a bitter fate, and our taskmaster swings his lacerating throng with something that resembles vengeance. Our years are prolonged misery, with the deep shadow of annihilation hanging above us like a storm cloud filled with fiery bolts. The raven perches above our chamber door and creaks its song of "Never-more!" The pulse falls below its normal beat, and health, moral and physical, is impossible. The sun mocks us by day and the moon by night. We must needs love, for the soul cannot live without it, but the long corridor of our being is haunted with ghosts and the air vibrates to the fearful word "farewell." Love becomes only an incentive to weep, for the joys of love are but the precursor of an eternal shadow.

I am convinced that if this life is all it was a grave mistake to bestow it. It is my impression that nearly all thoughtful men and women agree with me. Life is made up of alternate smiles and tears. Our happiness resembles the scattered moments of sunshine on a cloudy day. And what do these tears and smiles amount to if they are all there for us in the treasury of God and all He intends to apportion to us? The ordinary life, the average life, has more weeds in it than flowers. From the time the eyes open to an intelligent view up to the hour when our friends whisper "He is dead," we wrestle with circumstance, breaking forth into laughter at one moment and the next shivering in the presence of misfortune, disturbed by inharmonious surroundings, and trying bravely to make the best of them, at the end wondering what it all means, or if it means anything. If there is no more, if the story is to be finished before it is half told, and just as we have become interested in it, if our sweetest relations to each other are honey to-day and will be wormwood tomorrow, then I dare to say that our 70 years are not profitable, are not worth the having. Better never be at all then only be what we are now. In no wide or generous sense does it pay to be alive. Why should you sacrifice for the maintenance of your integrity—why light the lamp of conscience and keep the wick trimmed through the dreary night if there is no morning? Why not drift carelessly whither the current may take us? All this painstaking is in vain. It is like hoarding gold and being despoiled of it by the robber death. It is trying to be a hale and hearty man when even manhood is a mere chimera.

But let some angel guide you to a different vantage ground of observation. Let him draw aside the curtain of time and give you a glimpse of eternity. Let him touch your blind eyes as the Saviour touched the eyes of the peasant and bid you look at the things which no heart hath yet conceived. There stretches the road you are to travel, and it leads through the churchyard and is lost in the glories of the distant horizon. You cannot see the end, for there is none. A new life, a new environment is to be yours, and in that other life you shall be your nobler, grander self if you lay the foundations for it in the character that is to be fashioned by these tears

and smiles, which no longer seem insignificant.

Far, far away in the dazzling distance you see the loom of that house of which the Scriptures tell us, the resting place of weary souls, beyond whose threshold there is a peace that passeth understanding. It is a house in which the cruel grasp of earth is loosed, by whose doors no hearse ever rumbles and under whose roof you will have the opportunities which have been heretofore denied. Look again. There are the lost, but still loved—the dear ones, whose voices were long since hushed—and they long for reunion even as you do. In heaven you and they will once more embrace.

With such a prospect, does life pay? is it worth while to struggle and be patient, to mourn and be resigned? What are these tears and smiles but stepping tones, up which you climb with difficulty, but with a heart of hope and gladness? The storms may lower; they are nearing. We may have a painful allotment of fortune; it is nothing. We may even follow our dear ones to the grave; it is nothing. Heaven is close at hand, and this lower life is a glorious life, because, like the turbulent river, it flows into eternity.

CONGRATULATIONS.

The enterprise extends its congratulations to Mr. J. Howell Crosby, the nominee to the General Court. Certainly this honor, thus conferred in so harmonious a way, reflects untold credit on the candidate. For years there has never been such a unanimity among delegates. Not only can he be congratulated for the success in his own party but in the Democratic party as well, the committee having abandoned the idea of choosing a candidate to run against him, so great was their confidence and esteem for him. In Mr. Crosby the district can rest assured that their best interests will be strictly looked after. It is a one-sided campaign simply because the nominee has the good-will and confidence of both towns regardless of party differences. Mr. Crosby was born in Belmont in 1867, living there but a year, and has passed through our public schools with very high honors. His pleasing and courteous manner has won for him new friends everywhere he has gone, and now, at this time, when his party has seen fit to confer the greatest honor this district can give, the Democratic party, wishing to show their high esteem held all these years for him, omitted calling a caucus, thus leaving the field clear and making the election unanimous. This is a remarkable occurrence and conclusive evidence that the people of the district, irrespective of party. Mr. Crosby can be trusted to meet all matters which may arise, in the line of public duty, faithfully, honestly and fearlessly. Truly, Mr. Crosby is the people's candidate.

Another ocean horror has been added to the already long list, and it is hoped that a most searching investigation will be made into this very sad affair. It will be remembered that when the French liner was sunk, a partial inquiry was made. Beyond establishing the fact that the crew of the liner was composed of the lowest order of mankind the inquiry developed nothing, and the affair was gradually being forgotten when this other disaster came. In these days, when the travel across the ocean is so large as to make a full stream of fully laden steamships stretching from one continent to another, it would seem as if some means might be found whereby the wreck of a steamship and the consequent loss of life might be prevented to a large degree. If an absolute rule were made that no ship should move during a fog the chance of disaster would be lessened. If this rule is not followed, or some other means is not found to prevent such horrors, it is entirely probable that we shall hear of other wrecks before the season is over.

*Fanny Davenport left between \$400,000 and \$600,000. Surely this famous actress amassed a fortune on the stage. We hope there will not be a rush for the stage on that account, foolishly thinking that a fortune awaits all who try. Only a few are successful, and there are few Fanny Davenport's in this world.

Come, Spain, throw up the sponge, your case is absolutely hopeless. Give unto the U. S. that which is the U. S. By your foolhardiness you have chosen to play with fire and have received a bad burn; don't try any more. Uncle Sam says no surrender. Take ye heed.

The statue of Rufus Choate was unveiled Saturday in the main corridor of the Suffolk County Court House, the gift of the late George B. Hyde. Truly Rufus Choate was a bright lawyer and famous jurist, and the gift to the city is a valuable one.

Hurrah for Boston! Congratulations were in order last Saturday, and they were given and received heartily. The benefit tendered them this week was a rousing one, and it made the champions feel good.

W. Waldorf Astor won the wager, finally, that he could seat twenty-seven around a table that was cut from a single cross section of a California red wood.

"So father, so son," is an old adage which has proven true of the sons of Jessie James, the once famous outlaw.

Judge Day is the right man in the right place. His firm stand on the Cuban debt made the Don's wince.

ODDS AND ENDS.

We have iron fountains in every house.

Real estate is "coming up"—at Vesuvius so it is in Lexington meadows.

McClure says that the best test of good literature is its "readableness."

"Without phosphorus, no thought" is a German saying. It ought to be placarded over our egg markets.

It was an Hibernian who denounced the thermometer as "the little baste that made the cold weather."

The Indian name of Saratoga is Saraghtoga, which means *place of salt*. Lexington meadows ought to be called Ferratoga.

It was Biot who said: "In doubtful questions, the ignorant believe, the half-learned decide, and the man of science examines."

The hair on a camel sells for about a hundred dollars. It was not alone in the days of Mahomet that the camel bore a great prophet.

If our neighbors, the Canadians, had been obliged to drink a certain water that might be named, they would have voted the plebescite out of sight.

I have recently learned of a man who having adopted the suggestion of Shakespeare that "Our life is *rounded* with a sleep," declares that he has prolonged his life by sleeping with his fingertips touching his toes.

The nearest approach to the north pole of the earth was made by Nansen and Johansen on April 7, 1895. The latitude reached was 87° 14' and the longitude reckoned east from Greenwich was 87°.

That was a beautiful sentiment uttered recently by the Austrian Emperor on children's day, given in honor of his long reign, when he called them "the symbols of the people's hearts, the richest hope of the state."

One of the sequences of the late war and the consequent assumption of prodigious responsibilities accompanying it is the necessity of raising our standing army from 30,000 to at least 100,000 on the basis of a peace footing.

It is estimated that if all the pulses of the heart during twenty-four hours could be concentrated and welded into one great throb, that throb would suffice to throw a ton of iron 120 feet into the air. And yet the heart is never weary—except on washing days.

In the strife to convert our elementary schools into polytechnic institutions why has swimming never been introduced? Is it not preferable, from a practical standpoint, to sundry things that are taught, or pretended to be taught, in our schools?

To read much of the testimony given before the investigating committee one would think that never was an army fed so sumptuously and luxuriously; but the gaunt and wasted forms and haggard countenances of the returning volunteers tell a different tale.

The latest calculations indicate that, at the rate at which work is now progressing, the dredging of Lexington meadows will not be completed before the year '000. Why not employ a dredging machine of the capacity of that in use on the Charles river and crown the Heights with an iron coronet before the close of the present century?

The great scientist, Faraday, while playing the Thames one day was struck with the offensiveness of the water. He tore some white cards into pieces, wetted them so that they would sink easily, and dropped them into the river. The fact that they were soon lost to sight, though the sun was shining clearly, showed how impure the water was. Try this experiment in your washbowls.

I saw during the past week a dahlia stock containing ten full blown green blossoms. The blossoms were of rather diminutive size, but otherwise perfect. The petals were of a rather lighter hue than the leaves of the plant. This is a rare example of a recession to the primitive state, or, in other words, of the process of evolution reversed. This has been a season of unexpected phenomena with dahlias.

The location of the magnetic pole of the earth is at the present time (to use current language) on the western shore of Boothia Felix in latitude 71° and longitude 93° W. from Greenwich. That point on the earth's surface toward which the magnetic dipping needle points when vertical is generally assumed to be the magnetic pole of the earth. But such a statement is misleading, for the direction in which such a needle points would meet the direction in which, for example, a needle at Boston points, at some thousand miles down in the bowels of the earth, which shows that the poles or centres of magnetic action are really deep-seated.

In the seventeenth century a law was in force in England that all women of whatever age, rank, profession, or de-

gree, whether virgins, wives, or widows, that should impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's male subjects by scents, paints, cosmetics, washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, should incur the penalty of the law, and that the marriage should be null and void. How many marriages at the present day would stand this test?

Twelve years ago while riding through Belgium, I chanced to be locked in a car with a young Scotch university student. He was a dignified, refined, and intelligent young man. I counted the accident which threw me into his society for a couple of hours my good fortune, for I learned much from him that I have not yet forgotten. In the course of conversation I ventured in a quiet way to refer to the scandals and bacarat episodes of the Prince of Wales which were then rife in all Europe. He quickly relieved me of all diffidence by confirming even the worst of the charges being made against the prospective King. Encouraged by his frankness, I even turned to ask him "if Queen Victoria should die tomorrow would Britain permit the Prince to ascend the throne?" "Ah," he replied with a smile, "you Americans do not, cannot, understand our devotion to royalty. Yes, most surely he would be the successor of his noble mother." I have thought many times since how different would be the tone of political utterances and newspaper diatribes in our own country if even a modicum of such respect for our rulers pervaded our people.

The following sage counsel just given by that pure and level-headed statesman, Ex-Gov. Boutwell, should be read and reread by our imperialistic friends: "It will be well for those who maintain this doctrine" (imperialism) "to examine the 14th amendment of the constitution, by force of which all the descendants of Chinese, Japanese, and Mongolians or every other nationality born within our jurisdiction will be citizens of the United States. Thus in less than three generations these millions of other races and languages in Hawaii, Cuba, and the Philippines, will be transformed into American citizens. All the permanent residents of Hawaii are now citizens of the United States by virtue of the act of annexation. Annexation, in whatever form it may be made, means citizenship for the inhabitants of the countries annexed." As to the "great commercial possibilities" Mr. H. W. Peabody says "I know of none. The natives have few wants beyond a strip of colored cloth of a low grade. There is no market in the Philippines for any important American products." VERITAS.

MARRIED.

In Meriden, Conn., Oct. 15, Wm. Irving Bradley, of Lexington, and Miss Mira Shepard of Meriden.

In Danvers, Oct. 17, by Rev. George Walker, Frank H. Clark, of Arlington, and Miss Josephine C. Howe, of Danvers.

In Arlington, Oct. 12, by Rev. Andrew J. Fitzgerald, James Carrigan, of Medford, and Miss Margaret Murphy, of Arlington.

DIED.

In Arlington, Oct. 15, Alice M., daughter of Nelson and Jessie Johnson, aged 2 yrs., 1 mo., 16 days.

In Lexington, Oct. 18, Hester E. Holt, aged 32 years, 8 mos.

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WATCHMAKER.**

Would respectfully inform his old patrons and friends, and the public, that he has resumed his old trade, Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing. Having had many years experience in the business, and for 17 years with Waltham, Elgin and Springfield Watch Factory's, I am competent to do good work at low prices and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Work called for and delivered if desired. French and hall clocks a specialty. Work done at my residence,

10 HILLSIDE AVE.,

Arlington Heights, Mass.

See Watch Sign.

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TEACHER OF
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RUBBER STAMPS.**
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**73 HANOVER ST., HEAD OF PORTLAND,
BOSTON, MASS.**

This space will tell a story

of an Arlington business

firm in next week's issue.

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PLUMBERS.**

Furnaces, Ranges, Steam,
Hot Water, and Gas Fixtures, and Kitchen Furnishings.

483 MASS. AVENUE.

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Practical House, Sign, and Decorative Painter.**

SUCCESSOR TO GEO. D. TUFTS.

Business established about 1858.

All kinds of hard and soft woods finished in the latest and most improved manner. Kalsomining or tinting in water colors. Graining, Glazing and Paper Hanging. Local agent for one of the largest wall paper houses in Boston. Drop me a card and I will call with samples. All sizes of glass on hand or procured at short notice. Sign writing a specialty. Personal supervision given to all work and satisfaction guaranteed. I respectfully solicit a further share of your patronage.

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All kinds of Canned Goods.
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Agents for the Famous King Arthur Flour.

We sell Belmont Spring Water.

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Steam and Hot Water Heating,
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Boilers Re-tubed. Artesian Wells. Wind Mills. Roofing.

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Pressing and Cleaning at reasonable prices. Repairing in all its branches. Goods called for and delivered. Drop postal and we will call. Particular attention also given to Ladies' work.

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Have an immense stock to select from in their line of Dry Goods and small wares; also a fine and complete line of Gent's Furnishings and Underwear.

477 Massachusetts Avenue.

ARLINGTON LOCALS.

Subscribe for the Enterprise.

Regular meeting of Post 36, G. A. R. next Thursday evening, Oct. 27.

Regular meeting of W. R. C. Thursday afternoon. At this meeting will occur the regular inspection.

Bethel Lodge meets Wednesday evening, Oct. 26, at 7.30 o'clock.

Don't forget the annual ball of Division 23 on the evening of Nov. 2.

Mr. James Grady is erecting a new, two-story, double-family house on the corner of Warren and Webster streets. Gratto & Gamster are the builders.

The High School Clarion is in the hands of the printer and will appear about Nov. 1. The change in the board of management has greatly delayed its progress.

In our report of the Wyman greenhouses we should have said the Wyman Brothers and not Daniel Wyman only, and we gladly rectify the same this issue.

Registration does not close tonight. The last time to register will be next Saturday evening, Oct. 29. Don't forget that this is the right date.

Rev. James Yeames of St. John's Episcopal church, and the assistant rector at St. Bartholomew's church, Cambridge, will exchange pulpits tomorrow evening.

There will be a parish reception of St. John's church at the parish house next Wednesday evening. The members and families are invited.

Mr. Egbert E. Stapole, the talented banjo, mandolin and guitar player, went to Cambridgeport Thursday evening and won new laurels by playing before the Coenonia Club in Malta hall. He is having good success here in Arlington as a teacher.

Rev. C. H. Watson will deliver his second discourse of a series tomorrow morning. Subject, "The doctrine of a personal God." In the evening, Mr. Alexander Abu-Khalil, a native of Syria, will speak of the life and home of his people.

Rev. James Yeames has the Silver Star Brigade organized for boys and girls. They meet every Monday afternoon at 4.30 o'clock. The object is an excellent one, all members abstaining from alcoholic liquors, tobacco, profane language.

Camp 45 met as usual Thursday evening, and after the regular business, entertained some of the boys of Battery B in the banquet hall to steamed clams. An enjoyable time was passed.

Bethel Lodge of Arlington has combined with Crystal Fount Lodge of Woburn, and Waterfield Lodge of Winchester, in union degree work. Crystal will work the first, Bethel the second, and Waterfield the third degrees.

The Whist and Bicycle Club stayed at home Sunday instead of going on their run to Nantasket. Tomorrow they will have their last run, weather permitting, to Nantasket Beach, and have dinner at the Glenrock House. The ladies will go by train. The start will be at 8 a. m.

Tomorrow evening, at seven o'clock, the well-known lecturer, Rev. J. J. Lewis, will give in the Universalist church his celebrated lecture, "The Passion play." All are welcome, and the pastor, Rev. Harry Fay Fister, extends a cordial invitation for all to attend the lecture.

The last Whist party of Veritas Lodge, No. 45, U. O. of I. O. L., held at G. A. R. Hall, proved a very pleasant one. Mr. George Wilder scored fifty points, Mr. E. C. Maynard forty points, Mrs. J. C. Horne forty-four points, Mrs. Cochran thirty-five points. These parties have proved very pleasant and are highly enjoyed by all who participate. The lodge is a prosperous and growing one.

It will pay anyone to stop at Litchfield's studio and see his new productions in photos, platiums, etc. The samples which are displayed there certainly are works of art, and well worth going a distance to see. If you have any work to be done see to it now, as he will soon be rushed with orders. Now is the time to get his best productions. He is busy now, and the approach of the holidays will find him rushed. Now is the time to secure your orders.

We understand that a strong company composed of local talent will present the farce-comedy, entitled "For One Night Only," in the Town Hall about the middle of November. Dr. Clock is training the players and will take a leading part. The other players are Mr. and Mrs. Gillet; Mr. Cutting, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Griffin, Miss Boynton, Miss Babson and Miss Blanche Spurr. A dance will follow the play.

There will be a Home Missionary Rally at the Congregational church on Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 3 and 7.30 p. m. Addresses will be given by Rev. Joshua Coit on "Our work for the state," by Rev. Charles W. Shelton "On the Meaning of Home Missions to the Christian Patriot," and by Rev. Wm. G. Puddefoot "On our work for the Nation." In the evening three addresses will be given illustrating the life and work of the home missionary, as seen through a Stereopticon. All are cordially invited to be present.

Try Hardy's butter scotch and walnut candy.

Dr. W. D. McFee of Haverhill, Mass., was the guest of Dr. Greene Wednesday, and Thursday.

Mrs. A. P. Cutter of Summer street has gone to Aurora, Ill., to visit relatives.

Mr. Wallace McKay started for his home on Sunday, last and his brother, Guy McKay left this week.

Charles S. Jacobs and wife have returned this week from their summer's outing at Merideth, N. H.

A sale will be held by the Wide-Awake, Together and Clover Clubs, also the Sewing Circle of the Congregational church, on Thursday next in the vestry.

Mr. R. W. LeBaron and his father, Mr. J. S. LeBaron, have returned from Stratford, Vt., where they have been enjoying a two week's outing.

On Monday next Mr. Nelson Crosby, accompanied by his wife and little daughter, start for Texas. The best wishes of a host of friends go with them.

Mr. Richard Tyner has been in New York this week as a delegate to the carriage trade convention, in which the firm was largely represented in their line of goods.

Mrs. Hooker and Greene attended the district meeting of the Massachusetts Medical Society at the Colonial Club, Cambridge, on Wednesday of last week.

The Whist and Bicycle Club have outgrown their quarters, and at their meeting this week it was decided to add another room for a parlor or reception room. This room will be fitted up handsomely and used as a reading room.

This is one of many received by us and shows the drift of sentiment. Enterprise Publishing Co.

Gentlemen:—I enclose you, herewith, my check for \$1.00 for a year's subscription to the Enterprise. I am glad that you have started the paper. There is plenty of room in Arlington for such a one as you propose to publish.

The annual visitation to Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter by D. D. G. H. P. J. H. Studley, Jr. of Somerville, of the 8th Capitular Dist., was made Thursday evening, accompanied by his full suite. The number present was large, including several from out of town. At the close of business all sat down to a bountiful and elegantly spread supper prepared by Mr. N. J. Hardy, our genial and ever popular caterer, in the banquet hall. A most enjoyable and social evening was spent.

The C. L. S. C. met with Mrs. Gooding, at 7 Academy street, on Monday last. The meeting was called to order at 3.30 p. m., and after the records were read and approved roll call was responded to by quotations from English authors. The program was, as follows: Shakespeare's Cymbeline, act 1, scene 1, Mrs. Buhlert; report of Chautauqua assembly, Miss Simpson; Shakespeare's Cymbeline, act 3, scene 1, Mrs. Trow; "Our colonial possessions," from Chautauqua magazine, Mrs. Stearns; "Europe in the 19th century," Mrs. Gooding. The meeting will be held with Mrs. Gooding, 7 Academy street, Nov. 7. Roll call, quotations from English poets.

The Social Alliance, connected with the First Parish of Arlington, met in the church parlor Monday afternoon, October 17th, at 3 p. m. There were sixty present. After reading the report of last year's work, the president introduced the Misses Trowbridge, who delighted the audience with finely rendered music upon violin and piano. Mr. J. T. Trowbridge read selections from his own writings. "Tom's Come Home," and "The Ballad of Arabella." "Communion," and "The Song of the Flail," were some of the subjects chosen. The Misses Trowbridge followed the reading with choice selections of music upon violin and piano. Tea was served by Mrs. F. V. Wellington and Miss E. W. Hodgden, and a social hour closed a most enjoyable afternoon.

It is not our nature to brag or blow about ourselves, but it makes us feel rather good to see how readily the people caught the idea that the new paper was the thing. If we were to print the letters received by us in praise of the paper, it would require two columns to print them in. They come from people of all stations in life—rich and poor, bankers, professional men and the mechanic—and the tone of their letters are flattering. We have no axe to grind. We tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and open the columns to all. We are selling over 800 copies a week, which is by far the largest circulation in town. We have boys in every part of the town so that no one need be without the week's news. We know, or feel sure we know, what the people want, and judging from the growing subscription list and the large sales, we are reaching their wants. We had to supply the news depot a second time last week to fill the demand. The Enterprise boys are wide-awake and patrons can be supplied by them each week. You will hear them when they pass your door, for they have good lungs and yell Enterprise until their throats are sore. By this method you are saved the trouble of walking to the news stand or publication office for a copy. It is the people's paper, and two cents a copy or \$1.00 a year buys it. Send in your subscriptions.

Continued from page 1.

Indian wigwam, where many dainty bric-a-brac articles could be found, Miss Gretchen Wyman, in Indian costume, assisted by Miss Carrie Fillebrown.

Japanese shop, Miss Amy L. Russell, assisted by Miss Lidie Chick and Miss Pearl Wilkins.

Burmese table, Miss Georgiana Sawyer, Miss Lottie Tufts.

Ice cream, Miss Friscilla Russell, Miss Gertie Frost.

Picture frames, Miss North.

The vegetables were generously donated by our farmers, and Mr. Rawson, who is ever ready to lend a helping hand in benevolent work, donated a quantity of flowers.

You can get the best home-made molasses and peanut candy at Hardy's.

The first meeting of the Arlington Woman's Club will be held on Thursday, Nov. 3. Miss Tolman will be in charge of the afternoon's programme.

About 16 members of Post 36 went to So. Boston on Wednesday evening and were the guests of Post 2 of that place. The Post orchestra went along to live up the occasion. All report as having a fine time.

The first of the regular monthly business and socials of the Baptist Christian Endeavor Society, will be held in the vestry, Tuesday evening, October 25, at 7.30 o'clock. All members of the society and strangers interested in the work are most cordially invited to be present.

The regular meeting of the Baptist S. C. E. will be held Sunday evening at 6.30 p. m. Mrs. F. A. Johnson will be the leader and the subject is a missionary one entitled, "Go or send." Acts 16: 1, 10.

Wednesday evening, as usual, the elements of the weather were not favorable to entertainments, but in spite of this there was a large and enthusiastic gathering at the birthday party given by the Young People's Christian Union of the First Universalist Society. The evening was spent in a very pleasant and social manner and the entertainment, as a whole, was of a very high order. Miss Newman of Winchester, gave two violin solos which were finely rendered and received a hearty encore. Mr. Wm. Burton Robinson, who ranks high in his profession, and who has been heard many times in Arlington, sang two numbers, receiving a hearty encore. The society can congratulate itself on having secured his services. The readings of Miss Ellen Ball of Cambridge, were well received and greatly delighted her hearers.

At the close of the entertainment the members served ice cream and cake to those present. A large delegation was present from Cambridge, Winchester, Waverley, and when the gathering broke up all expressed having had a pleasant evening.

Last Monday, Oct. 17, Mr. Frank H. Clark, the popular manager of the Arlington telephone exchange, was married to Miss Josephine C. Howe, of Danvers, at Calvary Episcopal church of that town. The church was decorated with autumn leaves and filled with a large company of relatives and friends. The bride was attired in white organdie with tulle veil and entered the church on the arm of her uncle, Mr. A. W. Howe, meeting the groom at the altar, the ceremony being performed by Rev. George Walker of Canton, assisted by Rev. Mr. Hyde of Danvers. The presents were very many and beautiful, Mr. and Mrs. Clark will reside at 95 Medford street.

The Holy Ghost Hospital for incurables, situated on Cambridge street, opposite Dana, Cambridge, will be open for public inspection November, 17th, 18th and 20th. This most worthy charity was founded in December, 1893, by the Rev. Father Scully. A cottage was built on the land and the first patient was accepted in February, 1895. Since its inception the institution has been under the charge of the Grey Nuns. It is, however, strictly non-sectarian, the only requisite for admission being the manifest need of the patient, and the number is limited only by the capacity of the building.

The central part of the new building, 120x50 feet in extent, and five stories high, is now completed, and is expected to provide accommodations for one hundred and fifty patients. This institution only receives persons afflicted with incurable diseases, and only a few patients are taken. It is estimated to cost about twenty-five dollars (to furnish the accommodations for one patient,) and with the addition of the running expenses of the hospital, it can readily be seen that here is a good field for the charitable inclined. Hospital aid societies have been organized in the surrounding towns, and the institution is largely dependent upon the result of their efforts. Membership in the society is gained by the payment of one dollar per year. Arlington has a most enterprising branch which has already done much work under the following board of affairs: Pres., Mr. John M. Bishop; sec'y, Miss Margaret McConnell; treas., Mr. D. W. Grannan. This branch proposes to hold a whist party in G. A. R. Hall, on the evening of November 4th, 1898, and it is hoped that all citizens of the town interested will aid by purchasing tickets.

Continued on 4th page.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS,

This week the sewer is going in on Wollaston avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, sister of Mrs. N. M. Farmer, returned to California this week after a visit at Mrs. Farmers.

A new macadamized road is now being laid above the electric car station. Supt. Kimball is making a decided improvement in this section.

Mrs. Walter B. Farmer has returned home from a visit to her parents at Leominster.

There will be preaching in Crescent Hall next Sunday afternoon at 3.30; and in the evening at 7.30. Sunday school at 2.45. Junior C. E. meeting at 2 p. m. in the hall.

The Daughters of the Revolution selected Sudbury as the goal of their annual pilgrimage on Tuesday last. Dinner was eaten at the Wayside Inn. Accompanying the party were Mrs. Nellie M. Farmer and sister, Mrs. Estey.

The Crescent Club met last Monday evening at the usual time and place. In about two week the new club house, which is to be built on Crescent Hill avenue, will be commenced, and until the building is completed the meetings will be discontinued.

At Park Avenue Church next Sunday morning service at 10.45. Sunday school and Bible class at 12. C. E. meeting at 6 p. m., in the lecture room, led by Miss Ella Wallace. Preaching at 7.15 p. m. You are cordially invited.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year at the business meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Park Avenue church last week: President, Mr. E. W. Nicholl; Vice-Pres., Mr. Minot A. Bridgman; Rec. Sec., Miss Emma F. Bennett; Treasurer, Miss Alice White; Chairman Prayer and Lookout committee, Miss Emma Bennett; Chairman Missionary and Flower com., Miss Mabelle F. Hosea; Chairman Social com., Mr. F. B. Records; Chairman Music com., Miss Margaret Elder.

On Wednesday evening, October 12th, at the Congregational church, Roxbury, Miss Mable G. Smith, of Roxbury, and Mr. Thomas E. Baxter, of Brookline, were united in marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Baxter will reside on Park avenue, in the house recently occupied by Mrs. Beaumont and family. The house was given as a wedding present to Mr. Baxter by his employer, Mr. Sinclair, and has been thoroughly renovated for occupancy.

The organ recital at the First Parish Unitarian church, Wednesday evening, proved an enjoyable success, despite the fact that the elements were unpropitious.

The surprise party tendered Miss Murial Brandenburg, at her home on Westminster avenue, last Friday, October 14th, was a complete success in every detail. Promptly at 6 p. m. the door bell rang, and about fifty boys and girls filled in laden with refreshments, bouquets, etc. Mrs. Harry Curtis played the march while all descended to the spacious dining room and were made happy with ice cream, sandwiches, cake and fruits. After supper vocal and instrumental music and games were indulged in, and all had an enjoyable evening.

On Tuesday morning of this week Mr. Walter B. Farmer returned from a very successful hunting trip on the upper St. Johns river in Maine. His companion was Mr. E. H. Pope of Boston. They went to St. Francis, Canada, and then came down the river to Dole brook and were within thirty miles of the old Menotomy camp. The results of the trip were the shooting of two moose each. The second moose shot by Mr. Farmer dropped just twelve feet from where the first one fell. He brought home a head which measures: spread of head 49 inches, palm, 10 1/2 inches wide with 23 points. He reports moose and deer very plentiful, having seen 9 of the former and 76 of the latter. They were in regions that no sportsmen have ever before entered, and their walk of fifteen miles on their homeward journey before they could reach means of transportation was through eight inches of snow.

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OFFICE.

MUSICALS.

The Knaben-Kapelle has been heard at Keith's during the week, beginning with concerts on Monday afternoon and evening. The juvenile musicians have drawn large crowds during the week. The band attracts not only from the fact that the musicians are mere boys, which affords a novelty, but because it is one of the best bands that has ever been at this theatre. The music, both popular and classic, is rendered with a skill that is marvelous, considering the ages of the boys, while there is a sweetness and softness to the music that is irresistible. Next week Mr. and Mrs. Ellis will appear in a new comedy and singing sketch, "An Artist's Dilemma."

"The White Heather," at the Boston theatre, entered upon its second week on Monday evening. It is evidently there for a prolonged and profitable run. This spectacular production, for which Mr. Charles Frohman, is responsible as manager and Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton as authors, was staged with remarkable smoothness last Monday night, and it is now running so easily that the time of presentation has been considerably cut down. Tomorrow evening Robert G. Ingersoll will lecture.

The productions at the Castle sq. theatre continue to find favor with the amusement seeking public and the large audiences constantly give the best possible evidence of the success made by the management in catering to the tastes of lovers of dramatic art. About a year ago the stock company of this theatre appeared in Belasco & DeMille's modern comedy, "Men and Women," but the sudden illness of Mr. Gilmore at that time prevented his appearance with the company. So many requests have been made for revival of this play with Mr. Gilmore that it has been the attraction during the week. Cryano DeBergerac next week.

SQUIBS.

Frank P. Winn can provide the best of meat and provisions for your table. His meats are always the best.

"So the war is really over?" "Yes; our landlady has taken down 'Remember the Maine' and put up our favorite old motto 'Pay as you go.'"

Wm. Whytal & Son carry an immense stock of groceries, and their large assortment of canned and bottled goods saves one going to Boston, as they can be bought just as cheap at home.

A girl who knows how to whistle is generally popular with the young men of her acquaintance.

F. W. Derby, has all the modern appliances for testing the eyes, and one is sure of getting their money's worth by buying their glasses of him.

The perfect satisfaction of knowing you have a strong harness and one well made is a great thing now days when there are so many cheap harnesses on the market. T. G. Kaulbeck makes the best harness in town and gives full value for your money.

Rev. Dr. Thumper—"Does not married life seem brighter to you?"

Mrs. Newbridge—"You can imagine. My bridal gifts included 25 lamps."

N. J. Hardy is the best baker and caterer in this section, and if you do not believe it try him.

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Night Lunch

Chas. LaBreck

R. R. Crossing

Boston and Maine R. R. Southern Division.

OCTOBER 30, 1898.

TRAINS TO BOSTON:

Arlington Heights—5.30, 6.05, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04, 8.36, 8.53, 10.07, 11.14, A. M. 12.25, 1.01, 2.40, 3.56, 4.25, 4.46, 5.19, 6.48, 8.18, 9.18, 10.18, Sundays, 9.24, A. M. 12.58, 2.23, 3.11, 4.35, 6.15, 8.25, P. M. Brattle—5.32, 6.08, 6.38, 7.06, 8.06, 8.56, 10.09, 11.16, A. M. 12.27, 1.03, 2.42, 3.56, 4.25, 4.48, 5.21, 6.51, 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, P. M. Sundays, 9.27, A. M. 1.00, 2.25, 3.14, 4.38, 6.18, 8.28, P. M. Arlington—5.35, 6.12, 6.42, 7.09, 7.12, 7.29, 7.44, 8.01, 8.09, 8.17, 8.40, 9.00, 10.12, 11.19, A. M. 12.30, 1.06, 2.45, 3.59, 4.28, 4.51, 5.24, 5.46, 6.20, 6.54, 6.57, 7.15, 8.23, 9.23, 10.23, P. M. Sundays 9.30, A. M. 1.03, 2.28, 3.18, 4.41, 6.21, 8.31, P. M. Lake Street—5.38, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.47, 8.03, 8.20, 9.03, 10.15, 11.21, A. M. 12.32, 1.08, 2.48, 4.01, 4.30, 5.26, 5.49, 6.23, 7.00, 7.18, 8.25, 9.25, 10.25, P. M. Sundays, 9.33, A. M. 1.05, 2.31, 3.31, 4.44, 6.24, 8.34, P. M. *Express.

TRAINS FROM BOSTON.

Arlington Heights—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, P. M. 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sundays, 9.15, A. M. 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M. Brattle—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 11.17, A. M. 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sundays, 9.15, A. M. 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M. Arlington—6.25, 6.42, 7.01, 7.17, 7.31, 7.46, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M. 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.04, 5.17, 5.32, 5.47, 5.55, 6.04, 6.17, 6.34, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sundays, 9.15, A. M. 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M. Lake street—6.25, 7.01, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M. 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.04, 5.17, 5.32, 5.47, 5.55, 6.04, 6.17, 6.34, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sundays, 9.15, A. M. 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M. *Express.

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HOLT,

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Furniture

Company

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We solicit your patronage and extend to you a cordial invitation through the columns of the Enterprise for you to visit our mammoth salesrooms.

CURRENT MISCELLANY.

I can vouch for the truth of the following interesting case of clairvoyance: On Aug. 12 a young man named Livio Cibrario, belonging to one of the most ancient families of Turin, while attempting to climb the peak of Roccamelone, in the Maritime Alps, lost his way, and on the following morning a search party found his body, terribly crushed and bruised, at the bottom of a deep crevasse.

Count Cibrario, the unfortunate young man's father, who was at Turin and knew nothing of his son's expedition to the Roccamelone, on the night of the accident aroused the rest of the family, announcing with tears that Livio was dead. He had seen him distinctly, he said, blood flowing from his battered head, and had heard these words spoken in a voice of terrible anguish:

"Father, I slipped down a precipice and broke my head, and I am dead, quite dead."

The other members of the family tried in vain to persuade the poor count that the ghastly vision was nothing but a nightmare, and the bereaved father continued in a state of anxiety bordering upon distraction till the morning, when the official confirmation of the terrible accident reached him.

This case of telepathy, or whatever name may be given to similar phenomena, is considered all the more remarkable as Count Cibrario is a very quiet, matter of fact person and has never suffered from disorders of the nervous system or dabbled in spiritism.—Rome Cor. London Mail.

The Drift of a Derelict.

In St. Nicholas there is an article on "Battling With Wrecks and Derelicts," written by Gustav Kobbe. Mr. Kobbe says:

If a derelict is full of lumber, she is like a rock. If waterlogged, these silent freebooters cannot be sunk unless broken in such a manner that the cargo is released. Fire has been found effective in destroying derelicts. It was successful in all but four cases in 45. One of the failures was with the Fannie E. Wolston, an American schooner, one of the most remarkable derelicts of which we have record. She was abandoned Oct. 15, 1891, between the capes of Virginia and Hatteras. She drifted about half way across the Atlantic (the hydrographic office received numerous reports of her), her course veering to the south, until she was about opposite Madeira. There she zigzagged until February, 1893. Then she drifted south until May of that year. From May until early in 1894 she was drifting toward the Bahamas. Feb. 1 she was about north of Nassau. On the pilot chart for June, 1894, she is located on the eastern border of the gulf stream and southeast of Cape Hatteras. In June, 1894, she had been a derelict 950 days and had drifted over 7,000 miles, the longest track of the kind on record, to find herself within a few miles, comparatively speaking, of the point at which she was abandoned.

Queen Victoria's Aviary.

A visit to the queen's aviary at Windsor is a treat that comes to few. The front pens were built for such ornamental birds as should be acquired by her majesty, but they are nearly all filled with poultry. In one pen may be seen a very fine family of gold penciled Hamburgs, and in another a family of 12 ringdoves. There is a very pretty story in connection with these latter birds. When her majesty made her first journey through Ireland after her marriage, there were lowered from the top of a triumphal arch beneath which the royal carriage was passing, a pair of beautiful ringdoves. From these birds the present family at Windsor have descended. Stringent means are adopted to prevent disease in the aviary. As soon as a bird shows any signs of illness it is killed and its body cremated.—London Figaro.

The Value of Skimmilk.

Every dairy woman and milk expert has observed the peculiar effect occasionally produced by milk on various fabrics. Sometimes they become so completely waterproof that they are thrown away because they cannot be washed. This fact has led to the utilization of skimmilk as a basis for a product for glazing paper and other articles. The skimmilk is put into a bath, treated with chemicals and freed from its superfluous liquid. It is then dried and sent to market in large sacks. The usefulness of skimmilk, which for many years was considered next to a waste product, is just becoming appreciated.—New York Ledger.

Ninety Feet Shy.

The city of Monroe, La., having almost completed the construction of a bridge across the Red river at that point, has just discovered that the structure will be 90 feet too short to reach from bank to bank. The municipal authorities have declined to be responsible for further work on the bridge unless it shall be made long enough to be of use, and the contractors are in a quandary. It seems that the engineer who drew the plans took his figures from an old and inaccurate government map instead of making the measurements personally, and his time saving method has been the cause of all the trouble.—New York Tribune.

Neatly Turned.

At the recent general election in Sydney flour was the favorite missile of the Sydney crowds, and Mr. Reid, the premier, was the favorite target. He deftly turned this popular preference into a political argument for his side of the campaign. After three bags of flour had exploded on various parts of his body at a huge open air meeting he exclaimed: "See how plentiful flour is under my regime! Any one can afford to throw it about. This is quite a new departure in politics here. Hitherto flour could not be spared for this particular purpose."

Continued from 3d page.

The semi monthly B. F. A. dinner and whist, was held in G. A. R. Hall on Friday Oct. 27, a large number of ladies being present. Dinner was served at 12.30. It was voted to change the date of next meeting, which will be held on Oct. 28. The afternoon was devoted to whist. The prizes were won as follows: Mrs. Willis first, Mrs. Knowlton second, Mrs. Benyon third, Mrs. Lewison fourth, Mrs. Lovering fifth, and Mrs. Lovejoy sixth. The dinner was in charge of Mrs. J. A. Marden.

LEXINGTON.

Mr. John Fisk, of Fisk Bros., sails from New York on Dec. 27, for Ponce, Porto Rico, where he will establish an agency for wheels.

On Friday, October 28th, Mrs. Hammon Reed is to give an "at home," when Mrs. B. F. Brown will read a paper.

Mr. William Irving Bradley, of Lexington, and Miss Mina Shepard, of Meriden, were married at Meriden, Conn., on the 18th.

The Daughters of the American Revolution held their first business meeting of the season, on Tuesday at 3 p. m., at Cary Hall.

BELMONT.

The new High school is a fine looking building, and since the grounds were graded and the grass plot is showing up finely, we think some of the older heads would like to have a few lessons in the new building. Certainly the prospects for Belmont are looking brighter, and this new addition in the line of improvements is the finest and grandest one. The public school is first in the American eye.

On Tuesday of this week we strolled into Mr. Price's new carriage factory, the first time we had been on the spot since the fire, on the morning of July 20. What a contrast. From the blackened smouldering ruins of that night we saw a large three-story building which had been erected in so short a time and very nearly completed for full running order. As we passed along from the ground to the third floor we met new and extensive additions which contrasted considerably from the old building. On the ground floor are the blacksmith and wheelwright departments, the latter containing all the latest and best improvements in machinery. The building will be lighted by electricity throughout. A new 20 horse power boiler and a new 20 horse power engine have been added. The second floor will be used as a paint and repair shop, and the third floor will be used for storing wagons, etc.

At last Belmont is to have a block that will be an ornament to the town, and will complete what was started a few years ago with the beautiful Town Hall, and the just completed High School, a square Belmont can well feel proud of. This week Mr. H. A. George of Watertown, commenced the excavation of the lot on the corner of Leonard and Moore streets, to the town, common, and H. P. Cummings of Ware, will commence the erection of a two-story block, 40x186. The first story will be of brick and the second of wood; and certainly from our glance at the plans—in fact the first paper to glance at them—we can certainly say it will be a most valuable addition to the business centre, and that Mr. E. B. Homer, of Belmont, the architect, who has an office in the Tremont Building, Boston, evidently meant to give the town the best his skill afforded. The new block will contain eight stores, the windows will be of plate glass, and will be attractive and convenient. The savings bank is to be one of the tenants, and a large vault is to be built for their use. One-half of the second floor will be made into a large and commodious lodge room for the Belmont lodge, F. & A. M., with convenient ante-rooms, coat room, a kitchen, etc., and will make elegant quarters for the Masonic fraternity of Belmont. F. W. Gilcreas, the popular druggist, will occupy the corner store, (on the site of his present store,) toward the depot, and it is safe to say that he will have an attractive one. The plumbing is contracted to F. P. Rogers, and certainly it is a pleasure to know the home market is taken into consideration on this occasion. One thing is certain, Mr. Rogers will see to it that his work is of the best and we know it will reflect credit upon him. Certainly Belmont is in need of a reaction in the business centre in the line of building. May this step be one of many toward bringing the town on more metropolitan lines.

J. H. HARTWELL & SON.,

Undertakers and Embalmers,

4 Medford st.

J. C. WAAGE,

Fresco Painter and Decorator.

MOORE PLACE,

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Furniture

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Store

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Hack and Livery Stable,

Mass. Ave., Arlington.

Having practically rebuilt the inside of my stable, and added ten new stalls, I am now prepared to take new boarders. I secure first class board and right prices. Teams sent and called for.

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Will occupy this space.

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Piano, Violin, Clarinet, Guitar, Composition, etc.

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Orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention. Orders taken at H. A. Perham's drug store, P. O. Block. They will receive immediate attention.

TO LET.

Model homes in Arlington's model apartment house; also 6 room house, modern conveniences, on Moore place. For particulars enquire at suit No. 2, Florence, or of the owner, George D. Moore.

\$5

To the child who brings to the Enterprise office, the largest number of subscribers before Jan. 1, 1899, will receive the above \$5; to the child who brings in the next largest number of names will receive \$2.

Every child in Arlington.....

between the ages of 8 and 15 can secure names. Subscription blanks can be had at the Enterprise office, 620 Mass. avenue.

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IN A HAMMOCK SHROUD.

When my turn comes, dear shipmates all,
Oh, do not weep for me!
Wrap me in my hammock tight
And put me into the sea,
For it's no good weeping.
When a shipmate's sleeping
And the long watch keeping
At the bottom of the sea.

But think of me sometimes and say,
"He did his duty right
And strove the best he knew to please
His captain in the fight."
But it's no good weeping
When a shipmate's sleeping
And the long watch keeping
Through the long, long night.

And let my epitaph be these words:
"Cleared from this port alive,
A craft that was staunch and sound and true,
Destination unknown."
And it's no good weeping
When a shipmate's sleeping
And the long watch keeping
All alone, all alone.

And mark this well, my shipmates dear,
Alone the long night through,
Up there in the darkness behind the stars,
I'll look out, sharp for you—
So it's no good weeping
When a shipmate's sleeping
And the long watch keeping
All the long night through.
—Barrett Eastman in *Open Book*.

HALLORAN, HERO.

A company of soldiers had just marched by the hotel in Joliet. The banner of the free floated over them as they passed down the street to the music of the local band on their way to Santiago. The proprietor of the hotel, a veteran of the Confederate army, gray haired and decrepit, sat on the piazza of the hotel, the fire of patriotism in his eyes. Beside him sat his wife mending a hole in the heel of a stocking stretched over a gourd. Her placid face reflected a contented mind. Yet the glare of trumpets and the tramp of martial feet awoke in her mind one of those philosophical reflections which have puzzled the brain of wise men ever since the birth of time. Her thought found expression in these words:

"Jabez, why do men kill each other? Does it make a man happy to shoot a bullet into another man? You men are so hard for us women to understand! Why, if you should strike me in anger, Jabez, I should think the world would come to an end!"

"Yes, yes, my dear," replied the old man gently. "You might well think so, but ever since the world began men have fought with each other. Why, Cain killed Abel, according to Scripture, because of jealousy, and ever since that time murder has been committed for love, for hatred, for money and almost every other reason which you can imagine, Maria. It seems to be a part of human nature, this killing business. Why, I suppose that more men have been killed in the name of religion than for any other cause except perhaps for liberty. The very men who were driven out of England by religious persecution and who were the first white men to settle in this country—the Puritans—what do you suppose they did, Maria?"

"I dunno, Jabez," replied his wife. "What did they do?"

"They killed off all the Indians in New England, so that they could get possession of the land. The white men called it the survival of the fittest or some other high sounding thing like that, but I always called it murder."

"Dear, dear!" said the old lady in a flutter of excitement. "But tell me, Jabez, is that what the Americans are trying to do with the Spaniards?"

"No, Maria; this war is different. We don't want the land of the Spaniards. We have more than we know what to do with now. We are helping the Cubans to free themselves from the oppression of Spain. This is a war for humanity's sake, to save the lives of starving women and children. This, in my humble opinion, comes very near to being a genuine holy war. The Americans who die in it, whether from disease or violence, are as much martyrs as if they died at the stake. There will be a long list of those heroes, Maria, at the judgment day—men who died in order that ignorance and superstition and oppression might be killed. 'Tis a shame, Maria, that the blood of noble men must be shed, but there seems to be no other way, my dear; there seems to be no other way!"

Here the old philosopher rested his hands on his cane and looked out drearily over the landscape, contemplating the mystery of human thought and action. From far away came the echoes of the martial music, while the street was still disturbed by ripples of excitement like water in the wake of a steamboat. Suddenly raising his head, the old man continued:

"Talking about war reminds me of Mike Halloran. He was one of the heroes I was telling you of. You don't remember when that Illinois regiment went by this hotel in 1861, now, do you?"

"No, I don't, Jabez," said Maria. "You know we weren't married then."

"That's true, Maria. I had forgotten. 'Tis so many years ago. And I suppose I never told you about Mike Halloran, either, did I, Maria?"

"No, Jabez," was the reply. "I can't recollect your ever saying anything about him. Why, who was he?"

Jabez lit his pipe, puffed reminiscently for a minute, and then replied:

"Derned if I've thought of Halloran for nigh on to 30 years till yesterday, Maria. Not for 30 years! You see, Mike was a hostler in this hotel when the war broke out. Fine, big, strapping fellow he was too. He married Ellen Riley, one of our chambermaids. She had cheeks like roses in the snow, and they had one child, a boy. Wonder what's become of Ellen and the boy?"

Here Jabez dropped off into a day dream about the uncertainty of human life, and Maria gave him a dig in the ribs to wake him up.

"Eh?" said he, blinking. "What did you say, Maria?"

"You were telling about an Irishman and his wife. What about 'em?"

"Yes, yes!" resumed Jabez hastily.

"Mike Halloran! Well, when the war broke out, Mike was anxious to go, but Ellen she opposed it until the second or third call for volunteers was issued. I can't remember whether 'twas the second or third call, but"—

"Never mind," said Maria impatiently. "What odds does it make what call it was? Go on with your story."

"Well, the long and the short of it was that Mike he enlisted in Company K, and the boys passed by the hotel on their way to the front. I never saw such a time in Joliet before or since. The whole regiment went past right down this street, Maria. There were more than 1,000 men. The sun was a shining on their new guns and brass buttons and flags were flying, the bands playing and everybody was singing 'The Star Spangled Banner.' The sidewalk was packed with people solid as a box of clothespins. This piazza was packed. Every window in the hotel was crowded. Standing right here on the top step—right where my cane is pointed—was Ellen Halloran with her baby in her arms. She didn't pay any attention to the music or the flags or the shouting. She was looking for her Mike, and she saw him, too, before I could have seen him with a telescope, and as she caught sight of him she pointed him out to the baby, saying:

"There he is, alanna! D'ye see him there in the front rank? Oh, the brave lad! Give way, there, you, and lave 'me at him! Lave me at him! Mebbe I'll never see him again!"

"Maria, the crowd opened in front of her as a mower cuts grass. They made a lane for her to pass through as if she was a princess. She ran out alongside of Mike, who took the baby out of her arms and raised it to his shoulder, still marching, and Company K set up a shout. 'Three cheers for Halloran's wife and baby!' And so they passed down the street and were lost in the crowd."

"Well," said Maria, "what became of Halloran?"

"Jogging her husband again out of his reminiscent dream."

"Yes, yes; excuse me, Maria. Well, I did not hear anything from Mike for three years. Then his regiment came back. Half of the men were left on the battlefield or in the hospital. Some of them had legs, others had arms missing. There was no band to make music for their marching feet, the flags were torn and smoke stained, and there was no cheering."

"But what of Halloran?" said Maria impatiently. "Was he there?"

"Oh, yes, he was there. He was a sergeant with a wooden leg and one eye missing. Ellen had disappeared. I never knew where she went to. I did hear that she ran away with some other man, but I never knew if the story was true. Anyway Mike enlisted and went away again. That was the second time I saw him. Last Sunday, Maria, I took a stroll through the cemetery on the hill. One of the slopes is covered entirely with soldiers' graves. It looked to me as if there must be a whole regiment asleep there. There wasn't anybody around there throwing forgetmenots on the graves, as I could see, Maria. My eyes ain't as good as they used to be, but I couldn't see no monuments reaching up to tell how them poor fellows had died. But in one of the paths between the gravestones I saw a sort of blackboard stuck up, and I put on my specs, and I read these lines, printed on the blackboard:

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory marks with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

"Well," said Maria, "you started to tell about Halloran. What became of him?"

"That's just what I was a-going to tell you if you'll give me a chance," continued Jabez. "You see, just as I was a-going away I stooped down to see if there was any writing on one of the little wooden headstones, and when I scraped the moss away I saw these words: 'Michael Halloran, Joliet.'"

—Ernest Jarrold in *Denver News*.

Repartee.

Some one, blaming a little girl for her extravagance, said, "You should not burn the candle at both ends."

"Why, is not that the way to make both ends meet?" retorted the child.

The Hon. Sir M. Grant Duff, who noted down this repartee in his "Diary," mentions also the following good riddle: "When the day breaks, what becomes of the pieces?" "They go into mourning." The following are among the items of pleasant gossip to be found in the "Diary."

An English peer coming out of the house of lords met Disraeli for the first time since he became Lord Beaconsfield.

"How do you like this place?" asked the peer.

"Well," was the reply, "I feel that I am dead, but in the Elysian fields!"

At a meeting in Exeter hall Bishop Wilberforce spoke eloquently, and at the close of his address the people began to go away. A gentleman, who, according to the programme, was to speak, said to the bishop:

"I need not speak. I hardly think they expect me."

"To be sure they do," retorted the prelate. "Don't you see they are all going?"

Berlin Variety Actresses.

Some curious statistics about Berlin variety actresses have been collected by the Borsencourier. There are 200 of them, ranging in age from 7 to 47 years and earning from 2 marks (50 cents) to 20 marks (\$5) an evening. Only 45 began as "chansonnettes" singers, 36 had been milliners, 22 seamstresses, 10 governesses, 8 schoolteachers, 10 bookkeepers, 18 saleswomen, 7 maids of all work, 10 working girls and 43 had been on the stage as actresses, chorus singers or ballet girls. Among them were 35 married women, 24 widows and 30 divorced or abandoned wives. Sixty-three out of the 200 worked regularly at various occupations during the day, besides singing at night in the cafe chantant.